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THE HOME CIRCLE AND ITS INTERESTS.

Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join The Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Pride in Labor.

Let us teach our children to earn what they get—to give useful service in such measure as in their tender years they may give, without hardship. By which is meant not odious child labor—binding children down to steady work—but the little errands—the little helpful things, aside from the usual duties of home life—the useful, although not likable, deeds that boys and girls make, without detriment to their health and without crowding the time that rightfully belongs to them for play. For these things let them be reasonably compensated, so that they early may learn the value of earning their own way—of being self-supporting, when they advance in years.

It requires tact and good judgment to separate little kindnesses and little thoughtfulness from the part of children, those acts for which they should be taught to do as a second nature habit, from the unusual service for which parents or outsiders properly may remunerate the little ones. The cardinal purpose should be to let children grow naturally and logically, of having a worthy pride in sustaining themselves, as they come to maturity. If all children had instilled into them habits of industry and were imbued with the pride that would disdain to accept charity so long as it can be avoided—the pride that impels men and women to do the best they can even though adversity may impose disagreeable conditions upon them—but who insist upon earning their own way—if there were more of this pride there would be fewer chronic idlers. But sufficient upon the keen desire for work should be the opportunity to get work. It is undeniable that many a deserving man, industrious by nature, too proud to accept charity so long as he can avoid it, is compelled to be the recipient of aid because he cannot secure work assuring a livelihood. Every man should want to work and there should be work for every man who wants it.

A Century of Bibles.

Beginning on the 6th of last May, the American Bible Society will celebrate its hundredth anniversary. This society was founded May 6, 1818, for the purpose of circulating the Bible, without note or comment, in all lands. The success with which this enterprise has met is shown by the fact that during the century of its existence more than 117,000,000 copies of

the scriptures have been distributed in one hundred and sixty-five languages. The society has always sold Bibles at cost of printing and given them to those who are too poor to buy.

There is perhaps no single institution in the country that has had a greater influence in the spread of religious during the past century than the American Bible Society, and the good that it has accomplished is beyond estimation.

A better way to show friendship for the birds than setting up bird houses is to put a bell on the family cat. As birds acquire confidence and grow more tame in the presence of mankind they become easy victims of prowling felines.

Doctor Frank Crane says: "I believe more firmly every year of my life that a man's happiness depends upon what is inside of him and not what is around him." And yet the Doctor is a prohibitionist.

If there is ever a time when silence is golden, it is when a man is mad.

Smiles should be a part of ourselves every day of the week. Do you know we esteem those persons our best friends who greet us with a smile and a kind word. A community composed of individuals who look always on the bright side of everything would, in our opinion, be an ideal community. What we need in this life is sunshine, and a great deal of it.

Life's Journey.

For every life there is a summit. Happy are they who gain it and sad the lot of those who faint and fall in the struggle. Short or long to the top, it can only be scaled by persistent climbing. There must be ambition to do and dare, or the prize will not be secured.

Have you in the vigor of youth begun the journey? Already are you tired and weary? Are you resting by the way in slothful indulgence, hoping for wings or sails to bear you aloft without effort? Long before manhood's prime you will miss the top and go down hill. Arouse for another effort. At the base is the thorn, at the summit the crown. There is no escape from the one or the other in the life journey. Which will you have wealth or poverty, comfort or squallor? Decide in the dew of the morning.

At high noon stand out a man on the peak of endeavor wearing your own crown.

The noisiest political farmer has the tallest weeds in his cornfield and the fewest potatoes in his hills.

Someone has truthfully said that nothing but a mint can make money without advertising. It might be added that the mint couldn't do it if it didn't put its competitors in jail.

Spring Love

By ETHEL HOLMES

Poets have sung of love in the spring for centuries. No one ever read a poem of young love in autumn; certainly not in winter. It comes with the budding leaves, and it also comes with propinquity. Place a young girl near a young man on a warm, sunny day in April or May, or the young man near the girl, and love is just as sure to bud in their hearts as leaves on the trees.

It is singular how many different ways this spring disease manifests itself in these youngsters. In many cases one would suppose that they had been seized with an aversion for each other. Sometimes contempt, but never indifference, though there is nothing they attempt to show more than this.

A case in point. Benny Apherson had reached the age when a boy is especially particular as to his cravat. He was admiring himself in a pier glass upon donning his new spring suit and his first silk hat. Olivia Treadwell had just passed the age when her mother studied the advertisements for bargains in misses' apparel. On the very day that Benny put on his "tile" and Olive donned her first woman's frock they saw each other for the first time. Behind the Treadwell home was a garden, and against the farther end of the garden was the rear of a house into which had recently moved the Apherson family.

On this beautifully bright spring morning Miss Olive, from the rear drawing room of her home, espied Benny in the rear drawing room of his home admiring before the pier glass his new plug hat. He bowed to his image, taking off his hat to an imaginary lady, walked past the glass, first showing one side then the other, smirked at himself—or, rather, at the imaginary girl—showed a dignified superiority, indeed, practiced all manner of ways of attracting, even of crushing her. While so engaged he evidently heard some one approaching, for he hurriedly placed the hat on the window sill and passed out of Olive's sight.

All this Miss Olive observed, unobserved herself. As soon as the young Apollo disappeared she was seized with a terrible temptation. The gardener was engaged in removing the flowers from the conservatory and placing them in the garden without. Having planted a large number, he watered them with the garden hose and had gone somewhere else, leaving the hose on the ground. There was the shining hat balanced on the window sill, there was the hose and there was the girl. The result was what was to have been expected. The girl went down and out into the garden and began to put more water on the already well watered plants, casting from time to time furtive glances at the rear window in which Apollo had placed his hat. Having satisfied herself that no one was looking, with assumed carelessness she diverted the stream from one flower bed to another, and in doing so the stream struck the hat. It disappeared from view. Unconscious apparently of what she had done, Miss Olive continued to water the flowers for a few minutes, then dropped the hose and went into the house.

The young lady deceived herself if she thought she was moboerved. Benny from an upper window had caught sight of her in the garden watering the flowers. Now, a girl watering flowers on a bright spring morning, even with a garden hose, is a delectable sight. Benny stood back from the window, far enough to be out of sight, took up a pair of opera glasses and flashed his eyes on Miss Treadwell, seeing every intent in her features as well as if he had been close beside her. When she diverted the stream from the flower beds he saw a look of malicious mischief on her face and wondered. Later, when he went downstairs for his hat and saw it on the floor, its beautiful sheen ruined by a drenching, that look was explained.

If any one had told Benny that his feelings toward his neighbor were not a concentrated desire for revenge, that they were instead the opening of the love bud in his heart, he would have laughed sardonically. While he was gazing on the ruin before him he was trying to think of some method of crushing the perpetrator. No appropriate method occurred to him at the time, and when next he saw Miss Treadwell she was in the garden nipping the flowers to make a bouquet, looking so attractive that he wished he were with her instead of separated from her by a wall and the absence of an acquaintance. He hoped she would look up at him, but since she did not he coughed to attract her attention.

Now, if Miss Olive had not been already conscious of Mr. Apherson's presence his ruse would have succeeded. Since she was conscious of the fact that he was admiring her, she went on picking the flowers without manifesting the slightest curiosity in the premises.

This is not a love story. It is simply an exposition of certain apparent inconsistencies pertaining to spring love. Mr. Apherson made Miss Treadwell's acquaintance, and there was an affair between them, but of the kind usually denominated "puppy love." It was tipped by the young lady's mamma, who packed her off to boarding school. Before she married she experienced several more such affairs, most of them hatched in the spring.

BOYS' FARM CLUBS.

The fact that his boy can beat him at his own game is eating away the father's conservatism, destroying his aloofness, making him receptive to progressive ideas and is more convincing of the worth of scientific agriculture than all the eloquent tones of orators.

The farm of the boy's father is his laboratory, and there is the place for the development of agricultural education.

In the process of education all teaching seems to be drifting toward the inculcating of knowledge from books only. This is taking one thing after another from home and placing it into the school. The creation of boys' clubs establishes a relation of acquaintanceship between the children and the parents through mutual interest and readjusts the things which the school should teach and those which the home should teach.—Charles A. Wagner.

GINSENG DISEASE CONTROL.

Mildew Attacks Plants Wherever They Are Grown in This Country. (Prepared by New York station, Cornell University.)

The disease known as mildew, Japanese mildew, or soft rot, which attacks ginseng plants, is found in every one of the fifteen states in which ginseng is grown, according to a bulletin just published by the plant pathologists of the New York State College of Agriculture.

Nearly a century ago, they state, about 300,000 pounds of ginseng were exported from this country in a year, mainly to China. A recent investigation shows that these figures have been decreased by over 100,000 pounds. This falling off, it is said, may be attributed in part to the ravages of phytophthora, or mildew disease of ginseng.

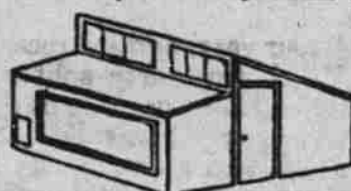
The college authorities suggest six methods for controlling and preventing the disease. One method, they state, is to spray the plants with a fungicide early in the spring just as they are pushing out of the soil. They suggest Bordeaux mixture, 3-3-50, to which have been added two pounds of arsenate of lead for every fifty gallons of the mixture. The spraying should be continued until all the plants have appeared, and special care should be taken to thoroughly reach all parts of the new growth with the mixture.

Other supplemental methods that are offered for controlling the disease include the removal of diseased plants or parts of plants, deep planting, rotation, sterilization of soil, and drainage to remove any accumulation of moisture, since excessive moisture favors vegetable rot.

Most Poultry Houses.

As I believe the housing of poultry fully as important as their daily feed, I am sending the picture of the poultry house my husband built for me, writes Mrs. I. M. Freeman in the Farm Progress.

This house was designed some years ago by Dr. F. T. Woods, a prominent poultryman. Since building this house, two years ago, I have not had a sick chicken on the place. The front is boarded up eighteen inches from the ground and down nine inches from the top. The opening is covered with heavy quarter inch mesh wire, over which we put a burlap curtain in



stormy weather to keep out wind and snow. At other times it is always open.

A house of this style, which measures 12 by 16 feet, will house from thirty to thirty-five hens comfortably, with good results. At present during very blustery weather 70 per cent of my hens are laying. Their grain food consists of corn, wheat and buckwheat. When confined they are supplied with green stuff to eat, such as cabbage, beets, etc.

I always keep plenty of scratching material on the floor, in which they are fed three times a day, thus keeping them constantly at work. They also have fresh water three times a day.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

In pruning small limbs and shrubs make the cut just above the bud.

The best seeds cost the most, but usually will be found the cheapest in the end.

Asparagus can be forced in boxes in a cellar or under the benches in a greenhouse.

Forcing frames are useful and are found to hurry the season forward wonderfully.

Lettuce, cabbage, beets and onions can be sown in flats, boxes or pots for early plants. About all vegetables may be sown now by forcing under glass, either in the hotbed or in the cold frame.

Rhubarb roots can be forced in the cellar by planting in boxes and keeping dark. As soon as the snow is off the ground, or even before, turn a barrel over rhubarb plants in the garden and force the growth.

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Farms For Sale

No. 1—107 acres 3 miles from Portsmouth on a large stream. Three-fourths of this level, and nearly half of the level land below high water mark made from the backwater from the Ohio. A part of this overflowed land is said to have been cultivated in corn for more than forty years in succession. Cuts more than a ton of timothy and clover to the acre. One good six room house almost new. Ordinary barn. The best well water I ever tasted. Good bearing orchard. An acreage of some fifty or sixty acres in corn. Owner, being a bachelor, wishes to sell. Price.....\$5,000.

No. 2—300 acres, 200 of which is level. All but 50 to 75 acres in pasture, meadow and under cultivation. Good improvements. This farm lies contiguous to No. 1. Owner has property in Portsmouth, to which he wants to move. Price.....\$10,500.

No. 3—58 acres adjoining Nos 1 and 2. 50 acres level. Fine house nearly new. Good barn and other out-buildings. 100 apple trees, 150 peach trees. The house alone could not be duplicated for \$1,500. Price.....\$2,000

C. B. STUART,
Argentum, Ky.

HEWLETT.

There will be church at the Hewlett school house Friday August 4th. Everybody come.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George Hershey, a girl, Osie. Also to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lear, a boy.

Mr. Clarence Bartram, of Fort Gay, spent Sunday with Mr. Billie Hewlett. Misses Maggie Hewlett, Florence Lear and Elsie Hodge attended the campmeeting at Fort Gay Saturday night.

Misses Shirley and Blanch Hensley are attending the institute at Louisa this week.

Miss Gladys McComas is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Fay Farmer, of Ironton, O., this week.

Mrs. Grovie Sturgill was visiting her mother, Mrs. Henry Lear, Thursday.

George Hershey, John Partner, G. M. Bailey and Billie Hewlett attended the camp meeting at Fort Gay Saturday.

Miss Stella Hodge and Mr. Fred Massie were at Fort Gay Saturday.

Mrs. Kate Wellman and daughter, Mamie, attended camp meeting Saturday night.

Miss Maud Lester has returned home after a visit to her sister, Mrs. Susie Southerby, of Fort Gay.

Miss Maggie Hewlett spent Saturday night with Miss Shirley Hensley.

We are sorry to hear of Virgil Robinson having the misfortune of getting his leg broken while out driving a pony Thursday afternoon.

Jake Thompson was here Sunday.

DAISY.

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When You Want It**

For anything in the line of printing come to us and we'll guarantee you satisfactory work at prices that are right

"LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS"

DO YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?

Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."

Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroads need to do to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."

Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Stores are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.

If it pays to run a few ads 'round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.

It's a business, that's all, to **ADVERTISE** in THIS PAPER

"Short Horn Cattle and Duroc Hogs" "Orange Blossom Herd"

FOR SALE:—Young Bulls ready for service of the very best quality and Duroc Spring Pigs now ready to select for June and July delivery in pairs no akin by our Great Herd Boars Belcher's Top Col. No. 59993 and Glenwood Chief No. 69525, 600 pound at yearlings. Come and see our herds or write us your wants. We can please you. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Certificate of Registration go with every animal.

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GLENWOOD, KENTUCKY.